

Lear At The Beach

On a windy day in summer at the shore,
seaweed and waves of ice crumbling
like midways of ivy and cellophane
mix mint juleps of the mind.

A Roller-Coaster evokes emotion
like any directional change.
To be thrown up and down
wind in hair-
belly turning
is carnival grand. Ride
on a Whip with knuckle-white
hands; laugh high and wild;

the white jacket
of afraid
is the wind around
the turning car.

Melancholy No. II Resolved

In the library the ship, ship
of raped pages
whispers
your name, and I purposely slip
From Shakespeare to the night before.

After love, pillow-propped and nude
we lay under quilts staring
at dark, quietly despairing
of middle age (in a mood
Of yellow seasons), or perhaps of raw

Rain beating on the roof like a monotone
drummer. But make it melancholy.
Times will change like ivy
in the Spring sun, when left alone
To vine and thaw through cemetary stone.

-- William Heyen